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*Pass Chapter in
C. L. B.*

THE

RELIQUARY:

BY

162
BERNARD AND LUCY BARTON.

WITH

A PREFATORY APPEAL

FOR

POETRY AND POETS.

E

LONDON:

JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

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M.DCCC.XXXVI.

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A

PREFATORY APPEAL

FOR

POETRY AND POETS.

A LONG Preface to a very small volume of Poems may, at first sight, appear a superfluity, if not an impertinence: the first would imply a waste of time, for which I should be sorry; and of the last I should still more regret being wilfully culpable. But when I state that my only reason for prefixing to these few pages any preface at all, arises from a desire to plead the cause of Poetry, in the abstract, without any especial reference to my own, I hope I have stated enough to obtain a patient, if not an indulgent, perusal, from all interested in the subject: and by those, if such there be, who care little or nothing about Poetry, or Poets, I am not so unreasonable as to expect

either this prefatory essay to be read, or the volume which it accompanies.

But can it be possible, in an age which is styled liberal, enlightened, and philosophical, that any, whose enlarged views and cultivated intellect have done aught justly to entitle it to such epithets, will avow themselves indifferent to Poetry, and uninterested on behalf of those who labour in their vocation as its professed votaries? I own myself unwilling to admit, unable to believe the fact. Fewer volumes of Poems may issue from the press, and Poetry may not be so fashionable as it was fifteen or twenty years ago; but I have never met with even one instance of a person of refined taste, pure and correct feeling, and a cultivated mind, to whom Poetry was an object of indifference, or by whom a genuine Poet, however humble, was regarded with apathy.

That for one volume of Poetry, published at the present time, a dozen or a score might be put forth a few years since, is no positive proof of that general distaste for Poetry, which has been,

perhaps too hastily, assumed to exist, by superficial or unreflecting observers. The very popularity which this department of literature, at no remote period, seemed to obtain for its votaries, was almost sure to be followed, and this at no distant era, by an apparent re-action. When, owing to the almost unceasing demand for novelty in this branch of the *Belles Lettres*, candidates for fame and favour became numerous beyond all precedent; and the demand, however great, was met by a supply still more ample, it was almost impossible, certainly very improbable, that for any long-protracted period, "increase of appetite could grow by what it fed on." Perhaps, too, some of those who then catered for the public taste, might not play their parts well or wisely for the permanence of their own fame, or the continuance of the public favour. Popularity is proverbially fickle; but it may be, and generally is, more or less ephemeral, in proportion to the taste, discretion, and judgment of those who are its objects, and who, for the time, influence the public taste.

In throwing off the artificial trammels and technical phraseology by which Poetry had been too long encumbered and enfeebled; in looking abroad on Nature with a less fastidious eye; and in analyzing more deeply, and appealing more directly to stronger passions, and more hidden springs of thought and feeling; the Master Spirits of that day did much, which could scarcely fail to magnify their calling, and make it more widely popular. But in the ardour of excitement thus called into action, passions were appealed to, thoughts and feelings wrought upon, and principles brought into operation, of a mingled and conflicting nature and tendency. To use such means as not abusing them, required more than genius alone can give to its proudest and most gifted possessor; and far more than could be hoped for from those who were but copyists and imitators of the style and manner which became, to a certain extent, the fashion of the day. These only saw the effect produced by the potency of stronger spells than Poets of a later age had dared

to use: they saw, too,—for the frailties and errors of genius are more perceptible to the multitude than the secret of its faculty divine,—that some of those who invoked such accessaries, could not always command them, but were sometimes carried away by them; and without scruple availing themselves of appliances they were every way incompetent to manage, they contrived to copy the faults of those whom they admired, without exemplifying the talent by which those faults were partially redeemed.

Owing, in part, to these causes, a moody, morbid, and exaggerated style, an unhealthily excited tone of feeling became, in some degree at least, the mannerism of much of our modern Poetry,—a mannerism, if possible, more offensive to pure taste and right feeling, than even the sentimentalism and stately formality which it supplanted. It was one, too, likely sooner to end in satiety; for milk and water, and even a dry crust, are more wholesome viands, however unsatisfactory, than highly seasoned ragouts or exciting liqueurs,

and the mental appetite can no more be kept in a healthful state, by the constant use of stimulants, than the bodily.

In the silent, imperceptible, yet natural operation of the causes thus briefly adverted to, quite as much, if not more than in any important change of public opinion, may be traced the effect generally admitted in a greater or less degree, that Poetry is become less popular. But to those who have loved, read, and studied our better Poets; whose attachment to Poetry is pure and unworldly, founded on a discriminating taste, and associated with a true feeling of its legitimate aim and end, to such its seeming neglect, for a time, need bring no despondency, and can excite no surprise. Taste may fluctuate, fashion, in literature, as well as in everything else, may change; but while aught of a child-like heart is left to our human nature, giving freshness to the earlier portion of existence, and lingering greenness to its latest, so long will Poets find readers. The elements of Poetry are in their very nature ineradicable and indestructible; and to

suppose that Science, even by its proudest achievements, can furnish a fitting substitute to supply its place, would almost imply, in the estimation of those who have known and felt its worth, the creation of a new race of human beings, if human they might be called,—endowed with heads, indeed, but destitute of hearts; automata, set in motion by steam, and made only to travel on in monotonous and interminable rail-roads.

For what is poetry, rightly understood, in its most enlarged and comprehensive acceptance? It is not verse, alone. Thought, feeling, fancy, imagination, the gentler affections, the deeper passions of our nature, when they seek and find utterance, must, in their spirit and essence, be poetical; and, if unchecked by artificial restraints, unawed by the fear of “the world’s dread laugh,” their language would be Poetry. In the conventional phraseology of the world, and in our intercourse with the worldly-minded, the heart can scarce give vent to many of its best and purest feelings; nor can thought find a language to express

many of its highest and holiest aspirations, without hazarding the imputation of enthusiasm or affectation; or exciting distrust, if haply it may escape scorn and derision. To childhood the privilege of expressing its emotions, unfettered by those chains which hold adults in bondage, is allowed as its artless right, and simple prerogative. But, in after-life, how much is there in every susceptible heart, how much in every thoughtful mind, untranslateable into the technical idiom, and common-place Prose of every-day existence? Can it be for the interest or happiness of mankind that all such thoughts and feelings should find no vent? Comprising, as they do, much that tends to soften and humanize, and not less to elevate and spiritualize, our imperfect and fallen nature, much to check and counteract the deadening influence of a worldly spirit, we may thankfully rejoice that there is a language, if I may so speak, confined to no tongue, but universal as the emotions and wants, the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, of our common nature, in which these thoughts

and feelings may be poured forth. That language is Poetry !

It is the privilege of the Poet, if he will but use it well and wisely, freely to give utterance to that which, in no other form, perhaps, he would have courage to express, or a great portion of his fellow-creatures toleration enough to listen to. In the form, and under the name of Poetry, he may unburden every feeling of his heart which claims alliance with whatsoever is pure, lovely, and of good report ; he may follow up, and put on record, every train of thought, and mood of meditation, which in moments of retirement have been fraught with joy, peace, solace, or instruction to his own mind. He may do all this, too, if he exercise his faculty with meekness, and labour in his vocation with love, not only without fear of heartless ridicule, but with a rational hope of appealing, more or less successfully, to the sympathies of many a heart, and wakening in many a mind a tone of thought analogous to that which has soothed or gladdened

his own. Nor is this all which the Poet may fairly plead for his art. If it be true, as we are perpetually reminded by Utilitarians, that knowledge is power, a truth no one can dispute ; it is not less true that feeling, fancy, imagination, were all designed, by proper culture, and due regulation, to be accessary to happiness. The love and admiration of the beautiful, the approbation of the noble and the lofty, the consciousness of the sublime, are as worthy to be cherished by an immortal spirit, as an attachment to the merely useful ; more so, if that attachment be exclusive—for then there is much danger of its confining our views too much to what are objects of sense alone. Knowledge is power ! but the phrase, as often used by political economists, implies no more than power over the material and the tangible ; things which are of the earth, earthy ; useful as the means, unworthy as the end, of our existence ; and adding little to our truest happiness. Compared to knowledge thus limited and selfish, Poetry is power of a higher order ; and possessing a wider range, for

its empire is the ethereal, the intellectual, the eternal.

Such is my view of the nature, aim, and end of Poetry, and of the province and privilege of the genuine poet ; and, however imperfectly this hasty and feeble estimate of both may express that view, I trust it may be intelligible to some. Regarded in this light, the idea that Poetry is an evil requiring to be suppressed ; a superfluity, even, which can very well be spared ; or Poets an encumbrance of which Society would be well rid, appears to me to imply the extinction, the annihilation, of many of our best feelings, and loftiest thoughts ; the quenching of many an aspiration which, by “ making the past and the future predominate over the present, raises us in the dignity of thinking beings.”

In the world, and its countless cares and encumbrances ; in the struggle for mere subsistence on the part of the many ; in the pursuit after pleasure of those who are regarded as the more fortunate few ;—there is quite enough to fetter our spirits to

the objects immediately around us ; to give a preponderance to the positive and the real, over the ideal and the imaginative. We have abundant need of every counteracting impulse of which we can avail ourselves to keep in check the worldliness of our own hearts : we require the aid of every lever on which we can lay our hands to lift us out of ourselves ; of every incentive which may lead us to live and look beyond ourselves ; of every connecting link which binds us to the great family of human beings, to the beautiful and bountiful earth on which we dwell, which would lead us to the heaven we hope for, and an Almighty and Beneficent Creator, their and our common Parent and Benefactor. Can Poetry do nothing to cherish and foster feelings and thoughts of this kind ? Have its countless appeals to the human heart found no echo there ? produced no fruits on earth ? sown no seed, which through the blessing of Him who is the giver of every good and perfect gift, may contribute to a yet more glorious harvest in heaven ? If it be said it is the

province of Religion to do all this,—I would ask are Religion and Poetry, taking the view I entertain of the latter, incompatible? Or is not Poetry, rather, when used and not abused, when honoured and not degraded, one of the most natural allies, one of the most potent and persuasive advocates of Religion? I speak, of course, of the subordinate and human means,—the auxiliaries which God has given to His creatures; which they may prostitute and profane, but which were assuredly given for nobler ends and holier purposes. There may have been irreligious Poets; but we may also remember there was an apostate among the Apostles; and we have no more right to denounce Poetry for the desecration of its legitimate functions on the part of its unworthy votaries, than we have to cavil at Christianity for the base desertion and foul betrayal of his Divine Master by Judas.

But for the alliance which may and ought to exist between Religion and Poetry, though I need only refer to The Bible, as containing much,

which for its tenderness and beauty, its simplicity and pathos, is most deserving of that epithet ; though I might do this, and challenge any one to disprove the soundness of the argument ; I will take my stand on humbler ground, and illustrate my position by a less aspiring exemplification. Let me appeal to the simple unelaborate, and comparatively unadorned productions of many Poets of a later age, and not a few of our own country. Men preferring no claim to supernatural inspiration, some of whose performances the critical and the fastidious would hardly call poetry : but who, by the artless expression of pure thoughts and devotional feelings in unpretending verse, have soothed, and comforted, and gladdened, in sorrow, in sickness, and in death, the hearts of many an humble believer.

Let the Poet, then, but worthily use his gift, and exercise his calling ; and he may safely commit his fame among men, his favour with God, to the sympathies of our common nature, and the yet more boundless mercies of One infinitely purer,

higher, and holier. Even in this world he will find no want of fitting auditors, to repay his toil. Childhood with its tenderness of thought, and guilelessness of feeling, will ever furnish him with numerous readers who will gladly turn to his pages. Youth, with its ardent and generous susceptibility, will there find a chord responsive to its own kindling and spirit-stirring aspirations. Manhood will ever muster, even from among those who are engaged in its toils, its cares, its pursuits, and its pleasures, some glad for a while to escape from these, and from themselves, to breathe in a purer atmosphere, to live amid calmer and brighter scenes, and to hold fellowship with gentler beings than those by whom they are daily surrounded. Womanhood, while true to itself, and to every thought and feeling by which its best influence over man can be strengthened and sustained, will supply a yet greater portion of the Poet's adherents and advocates: their sway is that of the affections; the domestic virtues are their penates; the household hearth their earthly altar, and

themselves its ministering attendants: and of all these the poet, if worthy of his vocation, will ever speak, and think, and feel, as one who knows them to be his strong-hold and citadel. Even old age, amid its decrepitude and infirmity, will find some among its veterans, who will lend no unwilling ear to strains which bring back the occasional gush of youthful emotion to the heart; and a yet more joyful one to the song which tells of a glorious and blissful immortality.

With such to listen to his lays, the Poet can have no just cause to doubt or to distrust his finding an auditory on earth; and in the brief span of time allotted him as a sojourner thereon: while for Heaven, and through the countless ages of Eternity, he may humbly cling to the hope set before him, that hope which is as an anchor to the soul, sure and stedfast, in which, if he be a Christian Poet, he has a common interest with all his fellow-believers in the mercies of God through Christ Jesus; trusting that by occupying diligently with *the one talent intrusted to him,*

he may not, at the last day, be numbered with the slothful and the negligent; but rather with those who have endeavoured to honour The Giver in the use of His own gift, by exercising it for the happiness of His creatures.

BERNARD BARTON

WOODBIDGE,
4th Month, 26th, 1836.

THE RELIQUARY.

“KNOW THINE OWN WORTH, AND REVERENCE
THE LYRE*.”

UNGRATEFUL man ! to error prone ;
Why thus thy Maker's goodness wrong ;
And deem a luxury alone,
His great and noble gift of song ?

Hast thou not known, or felt, or heard,
How oft the poet's heaven-born art,
Feeling and thought afresh have stirr'd,
To touch and purify the heart ?

How, like that angel from on high,
Once wont to bless Bethesda's springs,
The flight of genuine poesy
Sheds healing virtue from her wings ?

* Beattie.

c

E'en in a barbarous pagan age,
When darkness wrapt the world in night,
Alike the warrior and the sage
Confessed her altar, and its rite.

And holier far the kindling fire
Which fed devotion's sacred flame,
When DAVID's harp, ISAIAH's lyre
Were vocal to JEHOVAH's name !

Nor hath the Gospel's purer lore
Taught us this gift of heaven to spurn,
But hung its wreath of amaranth o'er
The Christian muse's votive urn.

Bear witness e'en the humblest aim
Of *Watts*, whose unpretending verse,
Bade childhood glorify God's name,
Nor less a SAVIOUR's love rehearse.

Bear witness *Milton's* loftier strain
Of Eden's bright and blissful bowers ;
Or Paradise restored again,
By our Redeemer's conquering powers.

Bear witness *Cowper's* later page,
Whose feeling and whose thought sublime,
Can still the mourner's grief assuage
With hopes that scorn the bounds of time.

These, and a host un-named have spread
A banquet for the immortal mind,
On which man's purer thoughts have fed,
With passions curb'd, and taste refined.

Such gifts of genius who shall rate,
At criticism's chill control,
With *lux'ries* that but enervate
The tone and temper of the soul?

Not I :—ev'n in this selfish day,
When worldly wisdom meanly bows
The knee to Mammon, I would pay
To poesy my grateful vows.

Her lore to childhood's willing ear
Unearthly music could impart,
Her melodies to youth were dear,
And manhood honours still her art,


The brightest spots which memory's eye
Most loves to trace to her belong ;
And hopes which build their home on high
Are link'd to never-dying song.

To that "*New Song*" for ever pour'd
From Seraph harps in joyful strain,
"Worthy of all to be adored,
THE LAMB, who for our sins was slain !"

Dews that nourish fairest flow'rs,
Fall unheard in stillest hours ;
Streams which keep the meadows green,
Often flow themselves unseen.

Violets hidden on the ground,
Throw their balmy odours round :
Viewless in the vaulted sky,
Larks pour forth their melody.

Emblems these, which well express
Virtue's modest loveliness :
Unobtrusive and unknown,
Felt but in its fruits alone !



ELIJAH ON MOUNT HOREB.

THE prophet stood in Horeb's cave, and saw with
tranquil eye,

The whirlwind in its awful might and majesty
sweep by ;

It came as comes in fearful strength the lion from
his lair ;

His steadfast spirit knew no fear :—because God
was not there.

Soon as that stormy wind had passed,—an *earth-
quake* shook the ground,

The rocks were riven, the trees up-torn, and strew'd
in fragments round ;

Yet unappall'd the prophet's soul could earth's
commotion dare,

For with it came no certain sign that God himself
was there.

And then more terribly sublime, *the fire* in fury
came,

While forest-trees but serv'd to feed the fierceness
of its flame ;

Though howling beasts affrighted fled before its
lurid glare,
Calm and unmov'd the prophet stood, and felt God
was not there.

But when he heard the STILL, SMALL VOICE ;—
upon his spirit fell
Its whisper'd accents with a *power* that bound him
by its spell ;
He in his mantle veil'd his face, and breath'd a
voiceless prayer ;
While every thought and feeling own'd that God
himself was there !

RESIGNATION.

IN night's dull watches dark and drear,
A soothing sense of hope it brings,
To think the dawn of day is near,
With healing on its wings.

In bleak December's cheerless reign
Hope tells us in its sternest hours,
That blithesome Spring will come again
To deck the earth with flowers.

But can we by the darksome grave,
Thus borrow resignation's tone,
When God resumes the gift he gave,
And we are left alone?

Oh ! doubt it not—night ushers day,
In ruthless Winter, Spring is nigh ;
And time—whate'er he steals away,
Will bring eternity.

Then shall the grave restore its dead,
Whose transient loss we now deplore ;
And eyes which tears of sorrow shed,
Shall learn to weep no more.

Then they who meekly kiss'd the rod,
E'en while they shed the bitter tear,
Shall bow in thankfulness to God,
Most—for what seem'd severe !

“ WHAT IS OUR BEING’S AIM AND END ? ”

WHAT is our being’s aim and end ?
Is it life’s fleeting years to spend
In joys as fleeting, which but tend
 To tempt our tarriance here ?
Believe it not ! this span of time
Was given, by discipline sublime,
To bid our hopes and wishes climb
 Unto a happier sphere.

Seek’st thou to win a noble name ?
Bethink thee, ’tis a virtuous aim,
Alone brings honourable fame !
 Applauded and renown’d
For proudest deeds—if wanting this,
Virtue’s true guerdon thou wilt miss,
Obtaining, for substantial bliss,
 An idle, empty sound.

Liv'st thou to heap up treasur'd store,
Of Mammon's soul enthralling ore ;
And heaping, still to covet more ?

To scripture turn and see
His lot who gather'd hoards as vast ;—
Thine eye upon his sentence cast ;—
“ Thou fool ! this night shall be thy last !
Then whose shall these things be ? ”

Lov'st thou to bask in beauty's eye,
To dote upon her cheek's bright dye,
Her look, her gesture, smile, or sigh ?

Turn to the silent tomb !
There learn, as e'en the lover must,
How brief and treach'rous beauty's trust,
“ Ashes to ashes ! dust to dust ! ”
Remains her mortal doom.

Art thou a votary of the Nine—
By glowing thought and tuneful line
Hoping to gain within their shrine
Honours that shall not die ?
Powerless are harp, and lute, and lyre
Till more than mere Promethean fire
Thy spirit shall with hopes inspire
Of immortality !

A warrior art thou? in the din
Of battle, glory taught to win?
O hear the "still small voice" within,
 Whose accents would declare
To ears unclos'd, and hearts un-steel'd,
"Turn *inward to thy* battle-field,
Thy sword the Spirit, faith thy shield,
 And be a victor there."

Are toil and poverty thy lot?
Respect thyself, and murmur not;
All earth could give will be forgot
 In life's last solemn scene:
All in the grave as equals meet,
And God upon His judgment-seat
Alike impartially will greet
 The mighty and the mean.

Then ONWARD! to thy being's goal!
View not *a part*, but scan *the whole*!
Be duty's task, with fearless soul,
 "Determined, dared, and done!"
Be patient, humble, thankful, calm,
So shalt thou win the deathless palm,
And join in that triumphant psalm
 Which hails the victory won!

THE SEA SHELL.

HAST thou heard of a shell on the margin of ocean,
Whose pearly recesses the echoes still keep
Of the music it caught when with tremulous motion,
It joined in the concert pour'd forth by the deep?

And fables have told us when far inland carried
To the waste sandy desert, or dark ivied cave,
In its musical chambers some murmurs have tarried
It learn'd long before of the wind and the wave.

Oh ! thus should our spirits, which bear many a
token,

They are not of earth, but are exiles while here,
Preserve in their banishment, pure and unbroken,
Some sweet treasur'd notes of their own native
sphere.

Though the dark clouds of sin may at times hover
o'er us,

And the discords of earth may their melody mar,
Yet to spirits redeem'd some faint notes of that
chorus,

Which is borne by the bless'd, will be brought
from afar !

ON THE DIVINE OMNIPRESENCE.

OH! look up to the soft blue sky,
Arching above thee bright and fair ;
Cold is the heart and dull the eye
Which feels not, sees not God is there!

Look round thee on this spacious earth,
With every varied beauty rife,
Starts not an instant thought to birth
Of Him whose presence gives it life?

Survey the billowy, boundless deep,
Is there no voice salutes thine ear,
Whispering, when tempests o'er it sweep ;
In still, small accents, God is here?

Glance upward in night's silent hour,
To countless orbs in glory bright,
These speak, unheard, their Maker's power,
Whose presence is their source of light.

Hark to the winds which come and go
O'er sea's unfathom'd wastes untrod ;
Are they not heralds, to and fro,
Of him the Omnipresent God?

All forms of sentient being trace,
Proclaim they not His power and love?
Vocal in harmony or grace,
To Him in whom they live and move!

Last, but not least, O turn within !
With humble hope and holy prayer ;
For in each heart redeem'd from sin,
The eternal God is present there !

How can it be a trustless dream,
When through His Son, on Him we call?
Since He, the Omnipotent Supreme,
Is everywhere, and all in all !

TO A SKYLARK. L

BIRD of heaven ! tell me why
Thy tuneful note awakes a sigh.
Is it that here a pris'ner bound,
I listen to that happy sound,
Until my spirit doth deplore
Her powerless aim with thee to soar ?

Bird of heaven ! type thou art
Of the fluttering human heart :
Now pouring forth thy tuneful lay
On high to greet the Lord of day ;
Then softly, gently, back to earth
Thou'rt won by hopes which there have birth.

Type of the Christian's heav'nward race
Upborne on wings of prayer and grace,
He soaring tastes that heav'nly balm
Which every storm of life can calm,
Till earthly hopes within arise
And tempt him from his native skies.

But, joyous bird ! thou shalt not be
The harbinger of grief to me !
Thy song is o'er, thy notes are fled,
Thy brooding wing o'er earth is spread.
Power shall be given thee to arise,
That Power will guide me to the skies !

A THOUGHT.

WHEN the clouds have pour'd their rain,
Sweeter smell the flowers ;
Brightest shine heaven's starry train
In earth's sun-less hours.

Tribulation—patience works ;
Hope from hence we borrow ;
Such the hidden good that lurks
In dark days of sorrow.

SEA-SIDE MUSINGS.

WE look for changeful chance on *earth*,
Even in time's brief day ;
Its towers and temples have their birth,
Their glory, their decay :
Its cities once in pomp array'd,
Who shall their site recall ?
Its forests with their branching shade ;
These have their rise and fall :
But thou, majestic, mighty main !
Appear'st from change so free,
That bards have styled thee, in their strain,
The everlasting sea !

Most glorious of a truth, thou art ;—
And yet if rightly view'd
Much is there in thee to impart
Thoughts of vicissitude !
Thy tides, that daily ebb and flow,
Clouds, sunshine, calm, and storm—
Their varying spells around thee throw,
To change thy face and form.

And PROPHECY a change more dread
Portends concerning thee :
Its mystic oracles have said
There shall be no more sea !

New heavens, new earth, when these are o'er,
To man have been foretold ;
But thee, thy date fulfill'd, no more
Shall vision e'er behold :
Nor mortal nor immortal gaze
In thee shall more rejoice,
Thy billowy anthems pealing praise,
Shall cease their solemn voice :
Leviathan, thy giant king,
Shall then no longer be,
Nor ships their shadows o'er thee fling ;—
There shall be no more sea !

What marvel that it should be so !
In heaven's eternal peace,
Whose inmates chance nor change can know,
'Tis meet their types should cease :
When hope no longer can delude,
And fear no more dismay,
Nor grief's nor passion's storms intrude,
To make of man their prey :

When earth has given up all her dead,
And thine restored shall be,
Wisely the Word of God hath said,
'There shall be no more sea !

And none shall need thee. In that day
Nor sun nor moon shall shine ;
With their proud glories passed away
Should be an end of thine :
GOD and THE LAMB shall be our light ,
And from the eternal throne
The stream of life, like crystal bright,
Shall evermore flow on.
Far from its holy healing waters
Shall pain and sickness flee,
Nor one of Zion's sons or daughters
Mourn there is no more sea !

AN APOLOGUE FROM AN EASTERN POET.

Two friends went into a garden of roses ; both enjoyed the fragrance ; but one as he departed filled his bosom with the leaves, and for days afterwards both he and his family rejoiced in their odour. Which of these two spent the summer day most wisely ?

SAADI.

DOUBTLESS he who in his bosom,
Fondly with him bore away,
In each odour-breathing blossom,
Fragrance for the future day.

COPY his example, maiden !
In thy bright and balmy prime ;
That thy spirit may be laden
With rich spoils for after-time.

SHE who present pleasure only,
Prizes—in life's joyous morn,
May be left bereaved and lonely
Ere its noon—at eve forlorn.

Beauty far beyond the rose's
Thought and feeling can impart ;
Sweetness which no flower discloses
These can shed within the heart.

Hive them, as thy hoarded treasure,
Virtue be their guide and guard ;
So shalt thou partake the pleasure
Fabled by the Eastern bard !

- Peace and joy such wealth shall win thee,
And when outward cares are rife,
They shall prove a well within thee
- Springing up to endless life !

“THIS IS NOT YOUR REST; BECAUSE IT IS
POLLUTED*.”

THE exile on a foreign strand
Where'er his footsteps roam,
Remembers that his father's land
Is still his cherished home.

• Micah ii. 10.

Tho' brighter skies may shine above,
Around him flowers as fair,
His heart's best hopes and fondest love
Find no firm footing there.

Still to the spot that gave him birth
His cherished wishes turn,
And elsewhere own throughout the earth,
A stranger's brief sojourn.

Oh, thus should man's immortal soul
Its destiny revere,
And mindful of its heavenly goal
Seem as an exile here.

Mid fleeting joys of sense and time
Still free from earthly leaven,
Its purest hopes thro' faith sublime
Should own no home but heaven !

SONNET.

“ Knowst thou of *yesterday*, its aim and reason ?
Workest thou well *to-day*, for worthy things ?
Then calmly wait *to-morrow's* hidden season,
And fear not thou, what hap soe'er it brings ! ”

I.

It is a painful and perplexing time !
Nor can the statesman's proudest skill suggest
A charm by which its ills may be redrest ;
Much less can magic melody of rhyme,
Howe'er elaborate, tuneful, or sublime :—
Yet he who, in these days of dark unrest,
Asks of the oracle within his breast
“ Is there no hope ? ” will own the doubt a crime.
The Almighty reigns in heaven ! tho' we on earth
Are, of ourselves, most helpless, and most weak ;
And all who unto Him for counsel seek,
As well as surest help, shall own their worth,
And in their grateful hearts confess the birth
Of thoughts which still of hope and comfort
speak.

SONNET.

II.

THE night seems darkest ere the dawn of day
Rises with light and gladness on its wings ;
And every breaker that the ocean flings
To shore before the tempest dies away
Some sign of wreck and token of dismay,
Awakening mournful thoughts in ruin brings ;
But he whose spirit resolutely clings
To his best hopes, on these his mind may stay !
Faith, humble faith ! can doubts and fears defy
For every wound it bears a healing balm,
Giving for sorrow's plaint, thanksgivings psalm ;
And those who trust in God when storms are high,
And waves are rough, and starless seems the sky,
Shall sing His praise in quiet's sunny calm !

“THANKS BE UNTO GOD FOR HIS UNSPEAKABLE
GIFT*.”

COME tune the harp and let us sing
Our heart-felt praise to Israel's King ;
To Him who dwells in heaven on high,
Yet bends to hear the contrite sigh.

When earth-born monarch, rich in state,
Stoops to console the desolate,
The heart is gladden'd thus to see,
Soft blending, pow'r and sympathy.

When sorrow casts her sable veil
O'er dwellers in life's stormy dale,
How sweet a gift to heal the smart,
Is sympathy of heart with heart !

It lights with joy the dungeon's gloom,
Cheers with its beams the sufferer's doom ;
Sheds rays of light around the bed
Where aching droops the weary head.

* 2 Cor. ix. 15.

To all the scenes which fill the span
Of life allotted here to man,
It lends its unobtrusive power,
Alike in joy's or sorrow's hour.

Bright are the gifts in mercy sent,
To cheer us in our banishment ;
Alas ! shall we ungrateful prove,
And lavish on them *all* our love ?

For dear, alluring as they seem,
They are but like the midnight dream,
Which vanishes at break of day,
Before the sun's all-piercing ray.

There is a " Gift," there is a Gem,
The brightest in God's diadem ;
Which tells of boundless love to man,
Points to the soul the Gospel-plan.

Enshrined in light's intensest beam,
That Gem most " WONDERFUL " doth seem ;
One ray from thence hath power to dart
A healing balm to every heart.

For this we tune our harps to praise !
For this the gladsome notes we raise !
That e'er our guilty race was run,
God gave for us HIS ONLY SON.

TO THE WHITE JASMINE.

JASMINE ! thy fair and star-like flower with honours
should be crowned ;
In day's rude din, and garish hour it sheds faint
sweetness round ;
But still at eve its beauteous bloom with fragrance
fills the air,
As if to cheer the hours of gloom, and soothe the
brow of care.

Oh ! thus in fortune's dazzling ray the light of love
seems pale,
Till dark clouds o'er the glow of day, have cast
their shadowy veil ;
Then like thy odours it bursts forth a guide to joy's
glad goal,
Bless'd beacon of surpassing worth, and Pole-star
of the soul.

“THE LAND WHICH NO MORTAL MAY KNOW.”

THOUGH *Earth* has full many a beautiful spot,
As a poet or painter might show ;
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,
To the hopes of the heart and the spirit's glad sight,
Is the land that no mortal may know.

There the crystalline stream, bursting forth from
the throne,
Flows on, and for ever will flow ;
Its waves, as they roll, are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,
In the land which no mortal may know.

And there, on its margin, with leaves ever green,
With its fruits, healing sickness and woe,
The fair tree of life ! in its glory and pride,
Is fed by that deep inexhaustible tide
Of the land which no mortal may know.

There, too, are the lost ! whom we lov'd on this
earth,

With whose men'ries our bosoms yet glow ;
Their reliques we gave to the place of the dead,
But their glorified spirits before us have fled
To the land which no mortal may know.

There the pale orb of night, and the fountain of
day.

Nor beauty nor splendour bestow ;
But the presence of HIM, the unchanging I AM !
And the holy, the pure, the immaculate LAMB !
Light the land which no mortal may know.

Oh ! who but must pine, in this dark vale of tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go,
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy and the love
Of the land which no mortal may know.

THE METEOR.

A SHEPHERD on the silent moor
Pursued his lone employ,
And by him watch'd, at midnight hour,
His lov'd and gentle boy.

The night was still, the sky was clear,
The moon and stars were bright ;
And well the youngster lov'd to hear
Of those fair orbs of light.

When lo ! an earth-born meteor's glare
Made stars and planets dim ;
In transient splendour thro' the air
Its glory seem'd to swim.

No more could star's or planet's spell
The stripling's eye enchant :
He only urged his sire to tell
Of this new visitant.

But ere the shepherd found a tongue,
The meteor's gleam was gone ;
And in their glory o'er them hung
The orbs of night alone.

Canst thou the simple lesson read
My artless muse hath given ?
The only lights that safely lead
Are those that shine from heaven.

One far more bright than sun or star
Is lit in every soul ;
To guide, if nothing earthly mar,
To heaven's eternal goal !

“BUT GODLINESS WITH CONTENTMENT IS
GREAT GAIN*.”

THE bitterest cup that man can know,
In passing through this Vale of Woe,
 May be in mercy sent ;
Nor need its wormwood or its gall
The humble Christian's heart appal,
 If sweeten'd with content.

The thorniest path that man can tread,
Although with darkest skies o'erspread
 With patience may be trod ;
By him, whose treasure is above,
Who knows that God in Christ is love,
 And meekly bears the rod.

But all that love himself can give,
For which e'en worldling's fain would live,
 No pleasure can impart ;
Where Discontent's envenom'd sting
Has poisoned at its inmost spring
 The fountain of the heart.

* 1 Timothy vi. 6.

A WELCOME HOME. !

TO E. H.

WELCOME to our hearts again
From the breezy sea's domain !
Where the boundless billowy deep
Round the land her watch doth keep,
Where the stormy waves dash high,
Where is heard the sea-bird's cry,
Where the petrel finds a pillow
On the crested bounding billow ;
Where the sunny sail doth glide
Lightly o'er the foaming tide,
Where each graceful curling wave
With rainbow tints the sand doth lave,
Where all creatures fair and bright
Find home beneath the billows white ;
Where the blue sea girts our Isle,
Thou hast been this weary while.


Then welcome to our hearts again
From the breezy sea's domain !

Welcome to our inland bowers,
Shady lanes and wayside flowers ;
But see the field hath lost her store,
And Autumn is at hand once more ;
Her golden tints will soon appear,
Bright heralds of the fading year.
—Methinks dear friend 'tis ever thus
Each parting joy seems dear to us.
And hark ! a shiv'ring blast is heard,
And restless seems each forest-bird,
Some meet within their skiey dome—
Depart, and find a brighter home ;
Impell'd to seek by instinct's spell
A land where sunbeams ever dwell :
Emblem, methinks, of hearts that prove
In wintry weather apt to rove.

But not with aught allied to pain
We welcome Winter's hoary reign.
In Spring we love each day to trace
The dawning charms of Nature's grace ;
When Summer skies are o'er us spread,
When by leafy bowers we're canopied,
Oh then the eye oft loves to rest
On the soft deep blue of her azure breast.

But yet to my heart there is a spell
In the fitful breezes' fall and swell,
Which tells, 'mid Autumn's farewell flowers,
Of the quiet joy of fireside hours.
We roam abroad in sunny weather,
But Winter draws our hearts together.

Dear are the joys which Nature yields
In forest, fell, or waving fields :
She soothes the heart in moonlight hour,
Not less in sunset's glow her power :
At early dawn fresh clad in light
She bursts in beauty on our sight ;
And noon-day sunbeam's dazzling sheen
Is sweet beneath some leafy screen.
But human hearts will ever seek
Joys which a kindred tongue can speak :
Thus, from fair Nature's bright array
We often turn untouch'd away,
To seek 'mid hearts of human kind
Communion with some fellow-mind :
And He who gave the spirit's tone
His love and wisdom here hath shown.
For notes there are in every breast
By our own fingers never prest,



Which start to life when friendship's hand
Runs o'er the chords her magic wand !
And hence your absence I deplore,
And gladly hail your visit o'er.
Then welcome to our hearts again,
From the breezy sea's domain !

A COMPARISON.

MANY a flower, by man unseen,
Gladdens lone recesses ;
Many a nameless brook makes green
Haunts its beauty blesses.

Many a scatter'd seed on earth
Brings forth fruit where needed ;
Such the humble Christian's worth.
By the world unheeded.

KING HEROD.

HIGH on his regal throne he sate,
In royal robes array'd ;
Round him the courtly, rich, and great,
Their wealth and pomp display'd.

And when his voice he rais'd aloud,
With one consenting cry,
The courtiers, and the servile crowd
Proclaim'd his deity !

That glory, due to God alone,
So impiously supplied,
Folly as senseless deem'd his own,
And welcom'd it with pride.

'Twas then the angel of the Lord,
His pride to put to shame,
With sickness, loathsome, and abhorr'd,
That instant smote his frame.

Eaten of worms, the man-made God ;
By flatt'ry deified,
Beneath heaven's retributive rod
In hopeless anguish died.

Oh Pride! by which the angels fell,
How brief thy longest hour ;
And when on Herod's doom we dwell,
That haughty monarch's death may tell
How transient thy delusive spell,
How weak thy mightiest power.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

HE kneels amid the brutish herd,
But not in dumb despair,
For passion's holiest depths are stirr'd,
And grief finds vent in prayer.

Not abject, though in wretchedness,
For faith and hope supply,
In this dread hour of deep distress,
Their feelings pure and high.

ON A PICTURE BY PAUL VERONESE
OF THE
WISE MEN'S OFFERING.

BRIGHTER tints of richer tone
Painting scarcely could impart ;
Yet it is not these alone,
Charm the eye, or touch the heart

'Tis the sight of wisdom hoar,
With its offerings undefiled ;
Bowing meekly down before
Maiden mother ! Heaven-born child !

Knowledge oft may fill the head,
Yet may leave the heart untaught ;
Not on such their spirits fed,
To the feet of Jesus brought !

Or they had not in their day,
Been thus privileged of heaven ;
Nor, to guide them on their way,
Had that glorious star been given.

Crown'd with years, and counted wise,
Wondrous it had scarcely been,
Had they ventured to despise
HIM—the new-born Nazarene.

But obedience can bestow
Wisdom that no schools confer ;
Hence they offer, bending low,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh !

What the moral of their deed ?
What the truth with which 'tis fraught ?
Even he who runs may read,
If but willing to be taught.

Ever thus on suppliant knee,
Blessed Saviour ! should we bring
Offerings meant to honour Thee,
As our Prophet, Priest, and King !

Giver of each grace we hold,
Pure and perfect, great and good ;
Let us, like the wise of old,
Reason not with flesh and blood.

But before Thee bending down,
Say, as we thine own restore,
At thy feet we cast each crown,
Thine the glory evermore !

“ WE MEET AGAIN.”

WE MEET AGAIN ! a sound to love,
E'en as we pass through time ;
But link'd with hopes of heaven above,
Oh ! how much more sublime !
Like fragrance from a fading flower,
Like music's passing strain,
The fleeting rapture of an hour,
When here we meet again !

'Tis cause of grateful joy to meet
With those we love below,
And feel *they* taste a bliss as sweet
As we ourselves can know :

Yet is that bliss like sunny gleams,
 'Twixt frequent showers of rain,
So brief and bright its gladness seems,
 When here we meet again.

All earth can give of good—is gone
 Ere we know half its worth ;
Some care or grief comes hurrying on,
 Born with joy's very birth.
How oft the pleasure we would clasp,
 We bring ourselves to feign :
Or when 'tis real, it shuns our grasp,
 E'en while we meet again !

But those who *meet in heaven*, will find
 Their happiness endure ;
Union of deathless mind with mind—
 As permanent as pure :
There all vicissitude is o'er,
 Love—peace, for ever reign ;
For they shall fear to part no more—
 In heaven who meet again !

TO A STUFFED EAGLE.

BIRD of the keen and piercing eye,
And pinion swift and strong,
To thee the cloud and cloudless sky,
And ocean-floods belong :
Thy empire is the craggy steep,
Haunt worthy of thy birth,
There, king-like, thou thy state dost keep
O'er sea, and sky, and earth !

The stormy blast, the roaring wave,
To thee no fear supply,
Nature their sternest music gave
To be thy lullaby ;
And when thou wakenest in thy might ;
Thy harsh and haughty tone,
While wheeling round in rapid flight,
Is thrilling as their own.

Then like an arrow from its string,
With motion swift and proud,
Borne on thy fleet and fearless wing
Thou cleav'st the murky cloud ;

Thence darting swiftly on thy prey
Thou seek'st the billowy main,
And briefly hid by dashing spray
Upsoar'st to heaven again.

Here, although lifeless be thy form,
And motionless thy prize ;
One born to battle with the storm
Thy attitude implies ;
Thy curving neck, the ruffled plume
Of each uplifted wing,
Thy angry glance, thy victim's doom,
All speak the ocean-king !

And grateful may a poet be,
Like me forbid to roam,
This semblance to thy state to see
Where crested breakers foam :
'Tis like a glimpse of glories given,
Majestic, wild, and rude,
With thee on some cliff, rent, and riven,
To sway its solitude.

AROUND an oak, an ivy grew,
With many a fond embrace :
And by its leaves of glossy hue
Made glad its dwelling-place.

Bright shone in morning's early beam
Its leafy diadem;
As bright in moonlight's silent gleam
The ivy round its stem.

But time roll'd on, and scath'd and sere
The forest-king became
Until with each revolving year
More tottering seemed his frame.

While closer still in changeless truth
Was twined the ivy braid
And for the shelter of its youth
Grace and support repaid.

Fearless it clung unto the last,
Till storms the oak o'erthrew;
When by the same relentless blast
The ivy perish'd too.

THE MISSIONARY.

HE went not forth, as man too oft hath done,
Braving the ocean billows' wild uproar,
In hopes to gather, ere life's sands were run,
Yet added heaps of Mammon's sordid ore ;—
He went not forth earth's treasures to explore,
Where sleeps in sunless depths the diamond's
ray ;
Nor was he urged by love of classic lore,
His homage of idolatry to pay
Where heroes fought and fell, or poets pour'd their
lay.

He left not home to cross the briny sea
With the proud conqueror's ambitious aim,
To wrong the guileless, to enslave the free,
And win a blood-stain'd wreath of doubtful fame,
By deeds unworthy of the Christian's name ;
Nor to inspect with taste's inquiring eye
Temple and palace of gigantic frame,
Or pyramid up-soaring to the sky,
Trophies of art's proud power in ages long gone by.

Not did his fancy nurse the gentle dream
 Of NATURAL'S fond enthusiast: who, intense
 In admiration of her charms, would seem
 To worship her: forgetful of th' offence
 Given to her great and glorious MAKER thence!
 To him the woodland scenery's sylvan thrall,
 The sun's voice, or cloud-capt eminence,
 The brooklet's murmur, or the cataract's fall,

But waken'd thoughts of HIM whose word has
 Rous'd them all!

For he went forth—a follower of the Lamb,
 To spread the Gospel's message far and wide
 In the dread power of HIM, the great I AM,
 In the meek spirit of the HOLY GHOST
 With unceasing prayer and praise to God
 To war with sin and Satan, and to
 To walk in love, and peace, and
 To will the Father's will, and
 To glorify Him who sent Him

THE RELIQUARY.

75

To publish unto those who sate in night,
 And death's dark shadow, tidings of glad things;
 How unto them the Gospel's cheering light
 Was ~~sent~~ with life and healing on its wings;
 How He the Lord of Glory, King of kings,
 Their souls to save from sin's enthralling yoke,
 Had left his throne, where harps of golden
~~strings~~
 By ~~angelic~~ voices in heavenly music spoke;
 His ~~no~~ mighty power their chains of bondage
~~break~~;

e.

pride,
 e gave;
 sighed,
 wave;

THE MAN'S

an's brim,
 I would crave,
 rs made dim,
 THEY MIGHT



Beneath a palm-tree, by the house of prayer,
Upon a bright and beauteous summer eve,
He took his seat, and round him gather'd there
The little flock he was so soon to leave :
Nor ever did their fond affections cleave
More to their pastor. Childhood, youth, and
age,
With artless sorrow seem'd alike to grieve
That he, their Christian guide, their Gospel Sage,
Should for an heavenly change his earthly heritage.

They sang a hymn of thanks and praise to God ;
And while its echoes floated yet in air,
Their feeble pastor, kneeling on the sod,
For them, and for himself, pour'd forth in prayer
His wishes, hopes, affections, thanks, and care:—
Rising, with grateful heart, he looked around,
And when he saw that each and all were there,
To whom his spirit was so strongly bound,
His blessing he pronounced, with low and falt'ring
sound.

They bore him home unto his lowly cot,
And laid the dying saint upon his bed ;
No mark of kind attention they forgot
T'ward him who long their hungry souls had fed :
And when life's lingering spark at last was fled,
'They mourn'd his loss with many a simple tear,
Such as for pious parents should be shed
By children unto whom their worth was dear,
And ever taught their own his memory to revere.

They buried him beneath that palm-tree's pride,
Where last in prayer his dying charge he gave ;
Above, the breezes through the foliage sighed,
Beneath was heard the murmur of the wave ;
And when, in after-years, THE WHITE MAN'S
GRAVE,
With its moss'd stone beside old ocean's brim,
They pointed out to strangers, each would crave,
In broken speech, with eyes by tears made dim,
THAT AS HE FOLLOWED CHRIST, SO THEY MIGHT
FOLLOW HIM.

At the first dawn of morning light
When memory takes her heav'nward flight,
My spirit soars where all is free ;
Then, dearest, then, I think of thee.

And when I pray, that thro' the day
God's guiding light would point my way,
Oh ! thoughts of thee arise in me,
And, dearest, then I pray for thee.

In duty's path, when cares annoy,
And daily ills would mar my joy,
Oh then I'm glad that thought is free,
My heart is cheer'd rememb'ring thee.

And when the glowing hues of even
Allure the heart to thoughts of Heaven,
I feel its light less bright would be
If there I should not meet with thee.

TO A ROBIN IN AUTUMN.

SWEET is the cuckoo's blithesome lay
Which hails the coming spring,
Or sky-lark's when at break of day
He soars on fearless wing.

Sweet are the melodies that burst
From summer's leafy bowers,
'Mid blossoms gay by sunshine nurst
In bright and cloudless hours.

And richer still, in woody lane
Pour'd to the Moon's pale light
Is Philomela's joyous strain
Heard in the hush of night.

But sweeter to my partial ear,
When these no more are known,
When leaves are changing, flowers are sere,
Mild melodist—thine own.

Thy warbling in the year's decline
Wakes thoughts of deeper birth,
Feelings that own a holier shrine
Than music born of mirth.

Hence when the birds of summer seek
For home some brighter clime
To me thy artless measures speak
Of harmony sublime.

E'en of that melody of heart
The Christian knows within,
Which faith, and hope, and love impart
To souls redeem'd from sin.

Such mark, unmoved, around them fade
Joy's flowers, of beauty brief,
And hopes like trees which cast their shade,
Change, and then shed their leaf.

And many a friend once lov'd, enjoy'd,
Like summer birds are gone,
Whose absence leaves an aching void
While lingering here alone.

Still unto such at times are given
Glad songs of grateful praise,
Meek hopes which seek their home in heaven,
And faith in brighter days.

Nor can death's wintry chill restrain
Their song, or check their wing,
Those notes shall be resumed again
In heaven's eternal spring.

TOWN AND COUNTRY;

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND IN LONDON.

God made the country, and man made the town.
COWPER.

THE bard spake sooth; and yet my friend,
Experience, nothing loth,
Will own that good and evil blend
With human life, in both.

Thy lot in crowded streets is thrown,
Mine in the rural shade ;
Yet, of the life that each hath known
How mingled is the braid.

“ God made the country ; ”—yet in scenes
Where spotless peace should reign,
How much of evil intervenes
To shed its darker stain !

Nature indeed performs her part,
Her Author to reveal,
And speaks unto the human heart,
If we her charms would feel.

But hearts, alone, or in a crowd,
Must feel those charms imprest ;
And spirits by their power be bowed,
Ere peace can build her nest.

“ Man made the town : ”—yet even there,
If but to nature true,
Thought, feeling, fancy, all may share
A banquet ever new

There, mind, by intercourse with mind,
 May cultivate its powers ;
And liberal arts, by taste refined,
 Bring forth unfading flowers.

There, science claims her proudest home ;
 There Themis gives her laws :
And there in many a stately dome,
 Religion pleads her cause.

Nay, even there, if rightly taught,
 'Mid streets by thousands trod,
May souls in meditative thought,
 Communion hold with God.

Virtue will own no *local* spell,
 Howe'er by us esteem'd ;—
In EDEN's bowers, man sinn'd, and fell !
 In SALEM,—was redeem'd !

AN AFFECTING AND TOO TRUE INCIDENT.

SHE died, yet in her Father's heart
Her memory could but live ;
For death can stronger love impart
Than life itself can give.

Therefore with each returning day,
Her silent grave he sought ;
And with each visit bore away
Fresh scope for cherish'd thought.

'Twas wrong, perchance, yet who shall call
A mourner's sorrow wrong?
'Twas weak, perhaps, so are we all,
And few in grief are strong.

And who by reason's law shall bound
A father's deep distress ?
Or who, that hath not felt such wound,
Can tell its bitterness ?

Once more he went :—alas! *once* more,
Affection's tears to shed ;
THERE, when they found him, all was o'er,
And life and grief had fled !

Oh ! judge not harshly ; wisdom's part
Is others' woes to feel ;
Who can make whole a broken heart ?
Or wounded spirit heal ?

TO THE REV. WILLIAM KIRBY,
RECTOR OF BARHAM, SUFFOLK ;
One of the Authors of the "*Introduction to Entomology.*"

I KNOW not which to envy most,
Thy knowledge of the insect-host,
Tenants of earth, or air ;
Or thy acquaintance with each scene
Of barren heath, or meadow green,
To which their tribes repair.

The first hath cast around thy name
A purer and a happier fame
Than e'er was won by arms ;
While both have surely taught thy heart
Somewhat of wisdom's better part,
Through nature's hidden charms.

For well I ween a heart like thine
Contemplating the Hand Divine
Thy favourite science shows,
Taught by each proof of power and love,
To Him who dwells and reigns above
With grateful feeling glows.

And such a feeling to extend,
To show how skill and goodness blend
Throughout creation's plan,
Must rank amongst those wise pursuits,
Whose genuine and whose grateful fruits
Are blessed of God, and man !

Yes, every science, lore, or art,
Which tends to foster in the heart
 Knowledge of nature's laws,
Must, sanctified by grace divine,
“Precept on precept, line on line,”
 Exalt their First Great Cause.

Pursue, then, my ingenious friend,
Thy search ; and may'st thou, in the end,
 Partake a prouder change,
Than e'er thy insect tribes can know,
Despite the beauty these may show,
 In transformations strange.

For these, though plumed with splendid wings,
Are still but fair and fragile things,
 Which seem but born to die ;
Whilst thou, thy web of knowledge spun,
Thy daily task of duty done,
Shalt soar above yon glorious sun,
 To immortality.

A CHRISTIAN HEROINE.

“ And all the Widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them.”

Acts ix. 39.

THOU didst not soar to deathless fame
By deeds of high emprise ;
Yet not the less thy honour'd name
With dark oblivion vies.

Far more the Christian's heart reveres,
By Christian precepts tried,
Thy works of love, those widows' tears,
Than many a heroine's pride.

From Jael's dark relentless deed,
From Judith's valour stern,
Thy unobtrusive claims to plead,
With partial joy I turn.

Thou wast not call'd, from slavery's yoke
To set thy country free,
The syren wile, the deadly stroke,
Were never dealt by thee.


By deeds which all may imitate
Thy *modest* name is known ;
And thus, by gentle goodness, great,
Should woman's worth be shown.

What we *admire*, but cannot love,
The world's applause may win ;
But actions like thine own approve,
The Christian heroine !

SABBATHS AT SEA.

IT is a spell the heart to bless,
When on earth's peaceful bowers
Descends "the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath-hours ;"
When from her ivy mantled towers
The chiming bells are heard ;
With hum of bees among the flowers,
And song of many a bird.

And pleasant is it to behold,
From scatter'd hamlets fair,
The rich and poor, the young and old,
To Sabbath-rites repair ;
All gather'd to the house of prayer,
From cottage, farm, or hall,
To yield man's common homage there,
To Him who made them all.



The sea, too, hath its Sabbath-day,
For mariners to keep ;
Such as, with rev'rent hearts, survey
God's wonders in the deep :
Whether the crested billows leap
Beneath a cloudless sky ;
Or mighty winds that o'er them sweep,
Proclaim the tempest nigh.

A beautiful and solemn sight
Methinks it well may be,
When a ship's company unite
In worship far at sea !
They bend in humble prayer the knee,
To Him that walk'd the waves ;
Their theme of thankful praise is He,
Who still in peril saves.

Earth's richest shrine of loftiest pride,
The wonder of the land—
Yields to these courts of ocean wide,
By heavenly Builder plann'd.

What temple more sublimely grand
The power of God unfolds,
Who in the "hollow of His hand"
The world of waters holds?

What could the organ's thrilling sound,
Of music's spell supply,
To match the solemn tones around,—
The deep's wild melody?
In *this* each breeze that passes by
Performs its skilful part,
And e'en the sea-birds' tuneless cry
Appeals unto the heart!

God dwelleth not in temples, made
By human hands, alone;—
Where power and wisdom are display'd,
There is His presence known:
He for His fane, doth ocean own,
Roof'd by the vaulted sky,
And wind and wave, with awful tone,
Proclaim His Deity.

'Then think not that the Sabbath-day
For earth alone was given ;
Since in the sea, He hath His way,
Whose throne is set in heaven :
From many a bark o'er ocean driven,
Believe that there must be
Both praise and prayer, at morn and even,
On Sabbaths kept at sea.

MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.

“ But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping, and as she wept, she stopped down and looked into the sepulchre.”

JOHN XX. 11.

MARY! seek not in the tomb

Him the grave no more enfoldeth :
Earth's sepulchral, silent gloom,
No such glorious captive holdeth.

Look ! the stone is roll'd away,
Deem that tomb no more a prison,
“ Shining ones ” are there, who say,
“ Jesus is not here, but risen ! ”

Risen, the conqu'ror of the grave,
Over death and hell victorious ;
Dry thy tears, in Him be brave ;
Meekly trust His power to save,
And arise to life as glorious !

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

HERE varied names together blend,
Stranger link'd side by side with friend ;
Some have fulfill'd their well-spent day,
While others tread life's thorny way.

Here are—who o'er the bounding wave
Have press'd their brother man to save,
Led by that love so richly given,
To point the way to peace and heaven !

Here are—whose gentle course is shewn
Only by blessings round them strewn ;
Who fill—with patient energies,
In faith, and hope, life's charities !

Combined they form a fragrant wreath,
Whose sweets are undestroy'd by death,
Then, lady, why should wish of thine
Ask name so little worth as mine ?


How strange the thought—a day draws nigh
Involved in present mystery,
When names which here have met before,
Shall meet again—one moment more !

When amid throngs of wakening dead,
THE BOOK OF LIFE shall be outspread !
Oh grateful bliss, beyond compare,
To find our names recorded THERE.

A BALLAD.

SIR EUSTACE sate at midnight's hour
Within his tent alone
And the spell of memory's silent power
Was o'er his spirit thrown :
It bore him from Salem's leaguered wall
To her he had left in his castle-hall.

For Ermengarde his only child
The beautiful and young,
Had often at that hour beguil'd
His spirit as she sung,



Bidding her father's heart rejoice
With the magic sound of her silver voice.

And on his harp he used to play
To her in that old hall,
He had brought his harp with him away
But now 'twas silent all ;
It hung in his tent by the cresset's light,
And his eyes as he viewed it with tears were bright.

That cresset's light grew pale and dim,
On his ear a sound there stole,
The echo of a dirge-like hymn
Pour'd for a parted soul :
And the strings of that harp, which in silence slept,
As if by a spirit's hand, were swept.

He shed no tear, he heav'd no sigh,
And not a word he said,
He knew from that mystic melody,
Her soul from earth was fled :
So he threw by his lance, and sword, and shield,
And at break of day left the tented field.

He reach'd once more his castle hall,
He enter'd the chapel fair,
A marble tablet hung on its wall
And a wither'd rose was there :
He knelt him down, and in silence prayed,
And died a monk in the cloister's shade.

LIKE the frail insect eagerly pursuing
Some fancied good, in fairy colours drest ;
Oft disappointed, yet each hour renewing
Its chase of what seem'd loveliest, fairest, best.

Thus do we spend life's transitory day
Seeking for that, which found, too often cloy ;
Oh ! better far His precepts to obey
Whose love would lead to everlasting joys !

SONNET.

ON A VIEW NEAR WOODBRIDGE.

MY own lov'd town ! even this glimpse of thee,
Though giving little more to charm the eye
Than the tall church-tower, and old priory,
Has more of spell-like mastery o'er me
Than many a prouder picture could supply !
It speaks of hours and objects long gone by,
Which I no more on earth can hope to see,
Touching, of thought and feeling, many a key
Of memories far too pure and sweet to die !
My own lov'd town ! although unknown to fame,
And reft of some my heart must long enshrine,
Those still are left thee, who, while life is mine,
Must hold therein a fondly cherish'd claim ;
Nor care I greatly for a poet's name,
But for the hope, though faint, to honour *thine* !

The glittering crown of gold
Rests on a lifeless head,
The broider'd robes enfold
The reliques of the dead.

Those robes are but a pall
However bright their sheen,
She sits before them all
The spectre of a queen.

They bear her back to earth
And close the fearful rite,
And not one thought of mirth
The pageant should excite.

For by it may be seen,
In its glory and its gloom,
How brief the space between
The proud throne and silent tomb.

“FOR NOW WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS,
DARKLY*.”

DIM and dark our present vision,
Through time's shadowy glass made known,
When compared with views Elysian,
Which hereafter shall be shown.

Yet enough of glory, beauty,
Here to faith's keen eye is given,
To refresh the path of duty,
And make smooth the way to heaven.

See we not beyond the portal
Of the grave's brief dwelling-place,
Glimpses of those joys immortal
Which await the heirs of grace?

Hear we not at seasons stealing,
On the spirit's wakeful ear,
Songs of praise, their bliss revealing
Who once mourn'd and suffer'd here?

* 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

Feel we not at times in sorrow
Hopes whereon the heart can stay,
Prescient of a brighter morrow
Which shall chase all griefs away?

If such hopes are here attendant
While we dimly, darkly see,
How unspeakably transcendent
Must the full fruition be.

When eternity unfolding,
All the ransom'd hearts above,
Face to face their Lord beholding,
Join in songs of praise and love.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DAY AT "BARHAM*."

A vision rises to my view
A bright and happy home,
Where calm delights and pleasures true
Forbid the heart to roam.

The stately elm's protecting shade,
The birch of silvery hue,
Adorn a spot by Nature made
To charm her votaries true.

Laburnum, elegant and bright,
Here flings her golden showers;
And there the church in evening's light
Speaks of still brighter hours.

The verdant lawn, its rustic seat,
The pond instinct with life,
All tell of happiness complete,
Far from cabal and strife.

* See page 87.

Without—the scene is bright and fair
Touching the heart with joy—
But blessed they who enter there,
’Tis peace without alloy.

For ’tis *his home* whose happy days
Have glided softly by,
Whose sun now sheds her brightest rays
Athwart his evening sky.

With careful hand from Nature’s field
He cull’d her varied store ;
Then bade fair science tribute yield,
And simplify her lore.

Oh ! wouldst thou dignify thy kind
Go—cultivate thy powers ;
’Thus fit thy heav’n-born earth-bound mind.
For holy, endless hours.

For surely he whose grateful eye
Beholds the FIRST GREAT CAUSE,
In insect’s form, or flow’ret’s dye
Must rev’rence all His laws.

And mine the privilege hath been
To tread the peaceful ground,
Which *fifty years* his course hath seen
Shedding content around.

And oh ! if ever heav'nly bliss
Be found in earthly home,
It is, where passage such as this
Leads to the peaceful tomb.

But not for all the quiet nook
In Nature's sweet domain ;
We oft the chilling world must brook,
Yet let us not complain.

For life is sure to show His praise
Whose grace is free to all :
Whether the humble prayer we raise
From peaceful bower or hall.

"BUT UNTO YOU THAT FEAR MY NAME SHALL THE SUN
OF RIGHTEOUSNESS ARISE WITH HEALING IN HIS
WINGS*."

RADIANT the splendour of the morn,
When cloudless shines the sun's bright ray ;
Gemming the dew-bespangled thorn,
And chasing night's dull mists away.

But far more glorious and more bright,
The "Sun of Righteousness" within
Shedding its holy, heavenly light,
On spirits lost in doubt and sin.

And calm and sweet the vesper-hour,
When slowly sinking to his rest,
The setting sun displays his power,
And glory gilds the glowing west.

Yet lovelier far the glimpses given,
To glad the dying Christian's eye,
When earth is swallow'd up in heaven,
And life in immortality.

* Malachi iv. 2.

THE UPAS TREE.

IN Java's distant isle there grows a tree that taints
the air,
And baneful poison round, it throws on all who
wander there ;
We pity him compell'd to brave its pestilential
breath,
And view him as a wretched slave condemn'd to
hopeless death.

Yet if we look in many a heart, we find a plant of
sin
Whose rankling venom can impart as certain death
within :
'Tis discontent ! which poisons all that blessings
else might be,
And well may truth the spoiler call, the spirit's
Upas Tree !

REMEMBER ME.

“ Lord, remember me when thou comest into Thy kingdom.”

LUKE xxiii. 42.

REMEMBER me ! All, all must feel,
Whom fond affection sways,
The sweetly eloquent appeal
Of this brief simple phrase.
When the full heart would find a voice,
In parting's grief, or glee,
What words so worthy of its choice
As these—“ Remember me !”

And yet more solemn is their tone,
More touching is their power,
When nature's feelings they make known
In life's last parting hour :
When from some lov'd one justly dear,
Whom earth no more may see,
We faintly catch with wistful ear,
The words, “ Remember me !”

A purer, higher, holier worth,
The phrase, tho' brief, may bear,
When, uninspired by aught of earth,
It speaks the voice of prayer.
It breathes the saint's meek confidence !
And, when he bends the knee,
The sinner, touch'd with penitence,
Cries, " Lord, remember me !"

TO A CHILD.

THY childish mirth has brighten'd
My brow when hope seem'd vain,
Thy childish converse lighten'd
My heart in grief and pain.

Then justly may I thank thee
With gratitude sincere,
And well my heart may rank thee
With objects it holds dear.

Affection's ties but strengthen
In hearts that feel their lore,
Love's links with years but lengthen
To make us prize them more.

Such ties and links around me
Thy artless childhood cast,
And the spell in which they bound me
Must linger to the last.

THE BIBLE.

LAMP of our feet ! whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray ;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace !
Brook by the traveller's way !

Bread of our souls ! whereon we feed ;
True Manna from on high !
Our guide, and chart ! wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky !

Pillar of fire—through watches dark !
Or radiant cloud by day !
When waves would overwhelm our tossing bark—
Our anchor and our stay !

Pole-star on life's tempestuous deep !
Beacon ! when doubts surround ;
Compass ! by which our course we keep ;
Our deep-sea-lead—to sound !

Riches in poverty ! Our aid
In every needful hour !
Unshaken rock ! the pilgrim's shade,
The soldier's fortress-tower !

Our shield and buckler in the fight !
Victory's triumphant palm !
Comfort in grief ! in weakness, might !
In sickness—Gilead's balm !

Childhood's preceptor ! manhood's trust !
Old age's firm ally !
Our hope—when we go down to dust—
Of immortality !

Pure oracles of Truth Divine!
Unlike each fabled dream
Given forth from Delphos' mystic shrine,
Or groves of Academe!

WORD of THE EVER-LIVING GOD!
WILL of HIS GLORIOUS SON!
Without Thee how could earth be trod?
Or heaven itself be won?

Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That SPIRIT which first gave thee forth
Thy volume must UNSEAL!

And we, if we aright would learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, child-like hearts!

"THE MEEK WILL HE TEACH HIS WAY*." L

THY patience, gentleness, and love,
Attach'd us to thee here ;
And still in happier realms above,
Preserve thy memory dear.

For these are things which cannot die,
Nor fade with fleeting breath,
But stamp'd with immortality,
Yet triumph over death.

On thy brief span of time they shed
A ray of light serene ;
They cheer'd and smooth'd thy dying bed,
And blest life's closing scene.

For PEACE was in thy parting hour,
Which set thy spirit free ;
And we partook its soothing power,
And thank'd thy God for thee.

* Psalm xxv. 9.

All pain and sickness now are o'er,
Which mock'd all healing art :
And tears shall fill that eye no more,
Nor sorrow wound thy heart.

But Thou, in sunless light on high,
Hast join'd that choir who sing
"O grave ! where is thy victory,
O death ! where is thy sting."

Then thanks to God for evermore !
Who makes us conquerors still,
Through Him who our transgressions bore
On Calvary's holy hill.

TO THE SWALLOW.

AERIAL voyager, who spread'st thy wing
O'er trackless waves to seek a sunnier clime ;
To man's immortal spirit thou shouldst bring
Thoughts of a lot more glorious and sublime.

Thou, when stern winter comes to strip our bowers,
Prompted by instinct, canst but wing thy flight
To distant lands, where fair and beauteous flowers
Still but of earth, unfold their splendours bright.

But souls immortal, in the gathering gloom
Of death's dark winter trust faith's guiding ray,
And soar where flowers of Amaranthine bloom
Shine in a sunless and eternal day.

“HE WILL SUBDUE OUR INIQUITIES*.”

OH for a heart redeem'd from sin !
Renew'd by grace divine !
Made meet for Christ to dwell within,
A pure and holy shrine.

Where never word or thought unkind,
Or earthly passion vile ;
Might welcom'd be, or access find,
To darken and defile.

Whose spring of action and of thought
Should flow from CALVARY :
From HIM whose death for man has brought
Peace, pardon, from on high.

Oh God ! to Thee I, humbled, look,
For nought within I see
But sins, which in thy judgment-book
Are register'd of me.

* Micah vii. 19.

Oh purify, exalt, refine,
My wayward, grov'ling will !
Make every motive wholly thine,
Nor let me wander still.

“WHITHER SHALL I GO FROM THY SPIRIT? OR WHITHER
SHALL I FLEE FROM THY PRESENCE*?”

RELIGION does not fix her dwelling-place
Exclusively in streets or rural shades ;—
The Omnipresence of Redeeming Grace
The crowded cities—forests' depths pervades.

The contrite heart, which unto God would sigh,
The faltering tongue which on His name would
call,
In both alike may own its Maker nigh,
For He is everywhere, and all in all.

* Psalm cxxxix. 7.

THE TRAVELLER'S DIRGE.

"Captain Clapperton fell into a slumber, from which he awoke in much perturbation, and said he had heard, with much distinctness, the tolling of an English funeral-bell. I entreated him to be composed, and observed that sick people frequently fancy they see and hear things which can possibly have no existence."—LANDER'S *Journal*.

In brief and feverish repose
He sank ere life was o'er ;
Forgot, awhile, his pains and woes,
But not his native shore !
He dreamt he stood on English ground,
While on his ear there stole
A solemn, yet a soothing sound,
The deep funereal toll !
And sweet the spell of that sad knell
Pour'd for a parted soul !

He woke ! Yet, still upon his ear
Its lingering echoes fell ;
On sounds to hallow'd thought so dear
His memory loved to dwell.

Though he might die on Afric's strand,
And waves might wildly roll
Between him and his father-land,
His was that solemn toll !
Spirit away ! it seem'd to say,
From earth, and earth's control.

Then mourn him not ! an hour shall come
When sound more deep and dread
Than rolling beat of muffled drum,
Or knell which mourns the dead,
Shall tell the day of final doom,
As that loud trumpet peal
Will bid earth's most secluded tomb,
Its hidden dead reveal.
Awake ! Awake ! Arise !
It shall repeat—Prepare to meet
Your Judge, thron'd in the skies !

MORNING.

MORNING ! thy touch with life and light
Each day awakens earth ;
And gives for seeming death's dark night
To living beauty birth !

The flow'ret opes its dewy cup
To greet the gladsome ray ;
The Lark on wings of joy soars up
To pour his heavenward lay.

The bee its straw-thatch'd hive forsakes,
To roam from flower to flower ;
The flitting butterfly partakes
The freshness of that hour !

Yet balmy, blissful, bright and fair
As morning's prime may seem,
Dark clouds ere noon may tempests bear,
And vivid lightnings gleam.

But when of endless day that morn
Shall bring the quick'ning breath,
Eternity of time be born—
And life of transient death :

Then cloudless light, and ceaseless joy
Shall evermore abound,
And songs of grateful praise employ
Those who the throne surround.

Prepare us Lord ! by grace divine
Then to give praise to thee ;
And as the power is only thine !
Thine shall the glory be !

•

FOR THE OPENING LEAF OF MY FRIEND E.J.M.'s COPY OF
"A MANUAL FOR THE PARISH PRIEST."

By precepts such as these, of old,
Did pious Hooker live;
And such—its graces manifold
To Herbert's memory give.

By such to "good report" were led
The later years of Donne;
Such meekly crown'd the mitred head
Of honour'd Sanderson.

What can I wish thee, then, dear friend,
But that such counsels sage,
May with thy early manhood blend,
And bless thy riper age.

That walking worthy of the claim
Thy office should impress,
Thou may'st adorn a pastor's name
By past'ral holiness.

No higher office man can share
Than unto thee is given,
Of deathless souls the cure and care,
To guard and guide to heaven.

I feel the prayers which swell thy heart,
Though hid from mortal ken ;
Be mine thy clerk's far humbler part :—
In hope and faith—Amen !

“ HEAVEN AND EARTH SHALL PASS AWAY, BUT MY WORDS
SHALL NOT PASS AWAY*.”

THOU warbling lark, whose buoyant wing
Bears thee at heaven's gate to sing ;
That flood of melody shall cease,
That fluttering pinion rest in peace.

Ye trees, now clad in verdure bright,
Whose emerald beauties glad my sight,
Your vigour hastens to decay,
Your lights and shades must pass away !

* Matthew xxiv. 35.

Ocean ! thy dread unfathom'd caves,
Thy mighty rocks, thy crested waves,
Thy bounding billows, now so free,
Shall rest, and " There be no more sea !"

An atom in created space,
This form shall cease to fill its place ;
Earth, air, and ocean pass away !
The soul shall live to endless day !

There is a stream whose fountain bright
Makes glad the City of Delight ;
Its source is pure, its waters free,
It sprang beside Mount Calvary !

Then mourn not o'er the wrecks of time
But turn, my soul, to hopes sublime :
The Christian's trust shall ne'er decay
Tho' earthly joys all fade away !

FELIXSTOW,
June 6th, 1835.

SONNET TO A PORTRAIT OF MILTON,

IN ELIA'S PARLOUR.

SEMBLANCE of him, who pour'd his soul in song
More pure, majestic, simple, and sublime,
Than aught achieved by bards of later time,
What happier home could unto thee belong?
For sure thy noble spirit it would wrong,
Wont, while on earth, toward heav'nly heights
to climb,
If e'en the portrait of thy manhood's prime
Should hold communion with the worldly throng.
Look down then upon those who greet thy gaze
With gentleness and love; for they can feel
The mute, yet sweetly eloquent appeal
Of thy mild glance:—and if, in this world's maze,
Their lot, like thine, seem “fallen on evil days,”
May thoughts of thee their wounded spirits heal!

“IT IS SOWN A NATURAL BODY, IT IS RAISED A
SPIRITUAL BODY*.”

THE caterpillar's loveless form,
As o'er the plant it creeps,
Betokens but a grov'ling worm
That toils and feeds and sleeps.

The chrysalis within its cell,
By fragile fetters bound,
A lifeless thing appears to dwell,
In death-like sleep profound.

Yet from that cell on pinions bright,
With hues of varied dye,
It bursts on the beholder's sight
A radiant butterfly.

Thus man, while in his reptile state,
Midst worldly care and strife,
Grovels and labours, soon and late,
For mere material life.

* 1 Corinthians xv. 44.

He too goes down into the tomb,
When life's brief day is fled,
And in its silent, dreamless gloom,
Appears for ever dead.

And thus but for a loftier flight
Than insect's wing may try,
His spirit soars to realms of light
And immortality.

The insect in its loveliest guise,
And last—from life must sever ;
But man at Judgment's day shall rise
To bliss, or woe for ever !

TO S. S. L.

'Tis not for me with patient love
To watch beside thy parent's bed,
My heart's deep gratitude to prove
For kindness o'er my pathway shed !

A husband's tenderness and truth,
A daughter's pious, grateful care,
A sister loved from earliest youth
Affection's anxious watches share.

Yet to that couch my heart will turn
And tears of sympathy oft flow,
For those who there God's lesson learn,
In humble faith to bear each blow.

And justly may I mourn for *one*
Whose constant, kind, and gen'rous heart,
To *mine*, hath many a kindness done,
To *me*, perform'd a mother's part.

HIS "will be done!" whose ways are *wise*
He only knows the future's page;
Whether on high her soul shall rise
Or ling'ring here, our love engage.

The shepherd's care oft gently leads
The lamb, whose strength begins to fail,
Till safe within *the fold* he feeds
Shelter'd from every adverse gale.

The choicest flower is earliest borne
To some retreat where storms ne'er come;
Before rude winter's piercing storm
We safely sing our harvest-home!

Oh thus will God his garner fill
With souls redeem'd from sin and woe:
Then let us ever trust him still,
Thro' all our pilgrimage below!

FOR THE OPENING LEAF OF AN ALBUM.

“ 'Tis good to be merry and wise
'Tis good to be honest and true.”—OLD SONG.

How shall poet's tuneful skill
Best the page before me fill ?
Shall I write in sportive mood ?
Time and change have mirth subdued :
Or shall graver thoughts engage
This thy album's opening page ?

Think not happiness on earth
Dwells alone in hours of mirth ;
Nor imagine sober thought
Is with melancholy fraught :
Both should be thy heritage,
Both may claim this opening page.

Cheerfulness is virtue's fruit,
Sober thought its hidden root ;
If we fail the root to nourish
Can we hope the fruit to flourish ?
Blend them in life's every stage
As in this thy opening page.

Be, then, time's brief journey through,
Merry, prudent, wise, and true ;
Mirth to gladden life is given
Prudent wisdom points to heaven :
Each becomes both youth and age,
Both, thy album's opening page !

TO A LADY, ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.

THE world, the heartless world may deem
But lightly of a loss like thine ;
And think it a romantic dream
For such an one in grief to pine :
A gentler creed, my friend, is mine,
Knowing what human hearts can bear,
And how a mother's must enshrine
The object of its love and care.

For was he not, though on him fell
A cloud that wrapt his soul in night,
The tenderest tie, the strongest spell
That could thy heart to earth unite?

His was a child's endearing right,
By helplessness but made more dear !
Nor can he vanish from thy sight
Unwept by nature's mournful tear.

But when the bitterness of grief,
Hath been allowed its sacred claim,
What soothing thoughts must yield relief,
And fan a purer, holier flame !
Whatever plans thy heart might frame,
Had he survived thee, for his sake,
Could others have fulfill'd each aim,
Each effort—love like thine must make ?

A mother's heart, and hand, and eye
Alone could do as thine have done,
And unremittingly supply
The wants and claims of such a son :
But *now* thy love its meed hath won,
Thy fond solicitude may cease ;
His race of life is *safely* run,
His spirit fled—where all is peace !

And who can tell how bright the ray
Of light and life from heaven may fall
On minds which in their mortal clay,
Seem'd bound in dark affliction's thrall* ?
Think not that He who governs all,
Whose power and love no bounds can know,
Would *one* into existence call
To suffer helpless, hopeless woe.

With humble hope to HIM entrust
Thy mourn'd one; in strong faith that He
Can call forth from his slumbering dust
A spirit—from all frailties free;
And yet permit thy soul to see
One who on earth seem'd vainly given,
A form of light—to welcome thee
Hereafter, to the joys of heaven.

* The subject of these verses, an only child, lived nearly, or quite, to the age of manhood, in hopeless and helpless imbecility.

THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THISTLE.

“The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever.”

ISAIAH xl. 8.

WITH beauteous tints the rose is dyed,
Glossy and green the shamrock's leaf,
Bright is the hardy thistle's pride,
Yet all, alike, are brief.

Such is, alas! the certain doom
Of flower or leaf that must decay ;
And he who sings them seeks the tomb,
His song as brief as they.

But fresh, and fadeless are the palms
Which saints redeem'd in glory bear ;
Holy the hymns, and sweet the psalms,
Which rise for ever there !

SONNET,
ON VISITING HELMINGHAM HALL.

I WALK as in a dream ! The rich and great,
The beautiful and brave have trod each floor,
Which now re-echoes to their steps no more :
Through passages and rooms now desolate,
Where liveried troops of menials used to wait,
When pomp and splendour sojourned here of
yore
I wander on, and pensively explore
The touching relics of departed state.
To me more noble far than in its hour
Of festive mirth this antique pile appears ;
A solemn spell which softens and endears
The haughtier pride of rank, and wealth, and power,
Is cast around, making hall, court, and tower,
Objects my spirit silently reveres.

SONNET,

ON THE PORTRAIT OF LADY DYSART IN THE HALL /
HELMINGHAM.

REYNOLDS! I never had beheld till now
One trophy of the splendid grace thy art
Was wont to lifeless canvass to impart;
But well that form, those features, and that brow
The deathless triumph of thy skill avow:
Appealing through the eye unto the heart,
Till tears unbidden from the bard might start
Who to such living loveliness should bow,
Oh! say not that the silent lapse of time
Can render THIS a dream of one gone by!
The MIND embodied there can never die;
And still the form it wore in beauty's prime
Borrows from painting's mastery sublime
All it could give of immortality!

WRITTEN AT FELIXSTOW,

MAY 31st, 1835.

ONCE more, once more, thou glorious sea,
Upon thy breast I gaze ;
Not as when first I looked on thee
In boyhood's by-gone days.

Then every varying light and shade,
And every thrilling tone,
Thy bosom echo'd or display'd
Found answers in my own.

But now thy lights and shadows seem
Like those which chequer life ;
The tumult of thy waves a dream
Of human care and strife.

It is not that my heart is dead
To nature's potent spell ;
But years have o'er my spirit shed
Thoughts which far deeper dwell.

Thoughts which no line can ever sound
Their silent depths to show ;
Feelings surpassing far the bound
Which even thou must know.

Vast as Thou art, from thee I learn
But lore allied to time :
Mine are imaginings that yearn
For knowledge more sublime.

Before my spirit's eagle eye,
In meditative mood,
The ocean of eternity
Unfolds its awful flood.

Might faith of vict'ry rob the grave,
Its sting from death but tear ;—
Glad would I plunge beneath its wave,
And grow immortal there.

“BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN, FOR THEY
SHALL BE COMFORTED*.”

WHEN hopes that on our pathway bright
Of early being, shed their ray,
Are shadowed o'er by sorrow's night
Or pass like morning-dreams away :—

What cheers us in that hour distressed ?
What heals the pang of “hope deferr'd ?”
Christ has pronounced his mourners blest,
And seal'd it by his holy word.

But not for passion's bitter tears,
Or hearts by worldly anguish torn—
Engross'd by selfish hopes or fears—
Is hope from this glad promise born.

'Tis theirs, and theirs alone to claim
The blessing promised by His Son,
Who glorify God's holy name,
And meekly say, “Thy will be done !”

* Matthew v. 4.

These IV ARE COMING BACK

By REMEMBRANCE DOES ARE IN HEAVEN—

By LOVE THAT TRUTHS OVER LEAVES—

THEIR HEARTS REMINDERS IS GIVEN

These shall witness its truth their way.

And prove the Gospel cannot err:

For God will wipe their tears away.

And Christ will be their comforter.

A MEMORIAL OF DECEMBER 19th. 1836.

WINTER'S stern winds sweep round
The sepulchre where thy cold reliques lie:
But thou hear'st not their sound,
As mid the lofty, leafless limes they sigh.

While we who went to-day,
With thoughts too deep for tears, unto thy worth
Our last sad debt to pay,
'Think but of thee beside the blazing hearth.

And as the night-blasts chill
Howl round our homes, thoughts faithful mem'ry
 stirs,
Our eyes and bosoms fill,
And are our sorrow's best interpreters.

But not with grief's dark gloom,
As those who know not hope, we mourn for thee ;
Thy quiet, peaceful tomb
A source of soothing thought should rather be.

Though we may greet no more
The bright'ning gladness of thy voice and smile ;
Memory shall oft restore
Their recollection anguish to beguile.

Though we no more behold
Thy self-forgetfulness, thy love to all ;
We must, like thee, be cold,
Ere we can cease their influence to recall.

Selfish our grief must be,
If hopelessly we sorrow'd for thy sake ;
And not one thought of thee
Feelings to self confin'd should ever wake.

Rather, with thankful heart,
Let us thy cherish'd memory enshrine ;
And, if our tears must start,
May they be brighten'd by a hope divine.

The hope to meet again,
Through our Redeemer, in a state more blest,
Where sickness, grief, or pain,
Shall have no power to trouble or molest.

Rest in thine ivied cell !
Till the last trumpet shall its silence burst ;
When at its quick'ning spell,
The dead in Christ shall joyfully rise first.

Then, *with its inmates* rise !
Refin'd from every taint of earthly leaven,
To form 'neath sun-less skies
A re-united family in heaven !

THE SPIRIT'S AIM:

BRIGHT is Spring's blue and balmy sky,
And fair her opening flowers ;
And grateful, when the sun is high,
Are Summer's leafy bowers.

Lovely is Autumn's russet field,
With harvest's bounty crown'd ;
And solemn is the music pealed
By Winter's tempests round.

But these are full of chance and change,
And tell of tide and time ;
Well may the spirit sigh to range,
'Mid marvels more sublime.

Immortal from its birth, 'twould soar
Above all objects here,
The viewless realms of space explore,
And seek its native sphere.

The flush of youth is on his brow,
Its fire is in his eye ;
And yet the first is pensive now,
The latter nought can spy.

Does proud ambition's fitful gleam
Light up his soul within ?
Or fond affection's gentler dream
Prompt him love's bliss to win ?

These are forgotten, or unknown :—
For o'er the Atlantic main,
His ear has caught the captive's groan,
Has heard his clanking chain.

Nor less from Afric's land afar,
Borne by the billowy waves,
The hideous din of sordid war,
The shrieks of kidnapped slaves.

The iron of that galling yoke
Has entered in his soul !
How shall power's tyrant spell be broke ?—
The sick at heart made whole ?

Who, e'en on Albion's far-famed isle,
Where freedom gives her laws,
Nobly forgetting *self* the while,
Shall live but for her cause ?

Who, the apostle of her creed,
Shall journey to and fro,
Her universal rights to plead,
And slavery overthrow ?

“ *Thou art the man!*” the prophet cried ;
The awe-struck monarch heard ;
And while his heart with anguish sighed,
Compunction's depths were stirred

As clear, as vivid the appeal
To freedom's champion given ;
And God himself hath set his seal,—
The message was from heaven !

THE GOAL;
OR,
CLARKSON IN OLD AGE.

NEAR half a century hath flown ;
That way-side wanderer now
A venerable sage hath grown,
With years traced on his brow.

More bent in form, more dim of eye,
More faltering in his pace ;
But time has stamped in dignity,
More than it reft of grace.

And joy is his, age cannot chill,
Memories it need not shun ;
The lone enthusiast of Wadesmill
His glorious goal hath won !

Not vainly has he watched the ark
Wherein his hopes were shrined,
Nor vainly fann'd fair freedom's spark
In many a kindling mind.

At times, indeed, those hopes might seem
Lost in the whelming wave ;
That spark, a faintly struggling gleam—
Quench'd to the hapless slave.

Anon the dove with weary wing,
Her olive-branch would bear ;
A sign to which his hopes might cling
In hours of anxious care.

The bow of promise has come forth ;
It stands as erst it stood,
When the old landmarks of the earth
Emerged above the flood.

And Christian states have own'd His right,
Who bade the waves recede,
As Freedom's champions, in her might,
For Afric rose to plead.

Well may the vet'ran of that band,
In life's declining days,
Offer, with lifted heart and hand,
Thanksgiving, glory, praise !

His name, with those of his compeers,
Have travell'd earth's wide round :
And grateful hearts and listening ears,
Have hail'd their welcome sound.

His toils are o'er, his part is done ;
The captive is set free ;
But EUROPE ! though his goal be won,
Much yet devolves on *thee*.

The bondage that made Afric vile
Can ne'er be wrapt in night,
Until her barren wastes shall smile
Beneath the Gospel's light.

Till where the scourge created fear,
The cross shall waken love,
And Afric's children altars rear
To Him who reigns above !

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN WILSON SHEPPARD, ESQ.
OF ASH HIGH HOUSE;
LATE HIGH-SHERIFF FOR THE COUNTY OF SUFFOLK.

THOU wilt be miss'd and mourn'd, tho' young in
years !

As landlord, neighbour, husband, father, son,
Equall'd by few, surpass'd perchance by none ;
And oh ! how much that gladdens and endears
Our toilsome passage through this vale of tears
Is link'd with names like these for every one ;—
Brightly though briefly thy example shone,
And memory still its sterling worth reveres.
Would there were more like thee ! men taught to
prize

Not joys in quest of which mere fashion roves ;
But household virtues, and domestic loves,
And all those fond, familiar, home-born, ties,
Dear to the good, and honoured by the wise,
Who dwell amid their old ancestral groves !

ASH HIGH HOUSE,
A SKETCH FROM MEMORY.

WITH much of *art's* proud pomp array'd,
Adorn'd by *nature's* gentler grace,
I felt in all that I survey'd
The *magic genius* of the place.

Within, the ceiling's ample height,
Each pannell'd and each pictur'd wall,
Or wrapt in shade, or rich in light,
Seem'd days departed to recall.

Without, it was a varied scene
Of strange enchantment, ever new,
Here *living walls* of brightest green,
O'er the broad paths their shadows threw.

There, ancient cedars, tow'ring high,
Or, widely branching from the ground,
And stately beech of purple dye,
Silent, and *dream-like* rose around !

Beneath the willow's quivering shade,
Sail'd the proud swan, reflected clear;
While under limes or chestnuts strayed,
In scatter'd groups, the graceful deer.

All these beheld in that rich hue,
By sunset lent to aid the vision,
Made every walk and avenue
Vistas to fairy land Elysian.

And many a glory, many a grace,
Which then struck admiration dumb,
Shall memory faithfully retrace,
With fresh delight in days to come.

For unto hearts that truly feel,
And minds that estimate their worth,
Such objects make no *brief* appeal,
But waken thoughts of loftiest birth.

Of *upstart* wealth—the transient might,
Has less to charm than to repel;—
While these—by *old, ancestral right*,
O'er feeling cast a purer spell.

They speak of home-born virtues old,
Once wont to dwell in scenes like this ;
Making their halls, seem worth's strong-hold,
And rallying-points of household bliss.

They tell of days when power and wealth,
Were look'd at with no evil eye,
Diffusing unto sickness—health,
And aid to grief and poverty.

THOU ! who from childhood hast upgrown
'Mid haunts by many a tie made dear ;
When manhood shall make these thine own,
Thy glorious privilege revere !

Be like thy grand-sire in his day,
Thy father's virtues emulate,
And prove how godlike is the sway
Which fortune gives the good, and great !

HUMAN LIFE.

HAST thou mark'd the sunbeam brighten
Rocky glen, or common bleak ?
Thus can love's soft lustre lighten
Thought's stern brow, care's pallid cheek.

Hast thou on the boundless ocean
Watch'd far off the tossing bark,
Waves beneath in wild commotion
And above it clouds as dark ?

Let but sunshine light the billow,
Brightly gleams its distant sail
Like the leaf of some fair willow,
Fann'd by Summer's gentle gale.

Thus affection's smile can gladden
Features grave, and even stern,
And when gloomy clouds would sadden,
Grief itself to rapture turn.

Such is human life's condition,
Bleak and stormy sometimes found ;
Then, in changeful, quick transition,
Sunshine scatters brightness round.

None are doom'd to *hopeless* sorrow
If their duty they fulfil,
From its good fresh courage borrow,
And with patience bear its ill.

TO E. H.

WRITTEN AT THE SEA-SIDE.

I CANNOT tune my humble lyre for thee,
Or bind with broken rhyme the "ever-free ;"
Too deep within my heart its beauties live,
And nought but *silence* has my muse to give.

For, ocean, who shall sing thee in thy might
When in thy robe of terror, storm-bedight ;
Thy foaming billows lash with surge the shore,
And seamen find a grave beneath thy dread uproar.

What harp of light, by fairy fingers played,
Shall sing of thee, in morning light arrayed ?
Thy girdle, foam wreaths white ; whose sunny
gleams
Over thy pearly bosom dart their beams.

And who can paint thee in thy stillness beaming,
When moonlight over thee is softly gleaming ?
Oh earth-born passion ne'er should quench the fire
Of hearts who dare thus boldly tune their lyre.

Then ask me not, dear friend, to sing to thee
Of ocean dread, the untameable, the free !
Turn thee to memory's tablet, thou wilt find,
Sweet echoes of its music, there enshrined.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

IN safety through the parted deep
Have journey'd Israel's bands ;
And now upon the craggy steep
Their prophet leader stands.

He looks upon the floods below,
And hears the stifled hum,
Which tells him the pursuing foe
In vengeful triumph come.

On, on their ocean-path they tread
Between the sever'd waves,
That Jacob's sons may back be led,
A band of hopeless slaves.

Calmly he waits until the last
Of Israel reach the shore :—
'Tis done ! the tyrant's hour is past,
And mercy pleads no more.

Then Moses lifts his gifted rod,
 Gifted with power divine,
He names the name of Israel's God,
 And ocean owns the sign.

As when by some dread earthquake's shock,
 A mighty city falls,
At once the deep foundations rock,
 And sink its liquid walls.

Back, back, recoils the beetling surge !
 And, from their towering height,
Their headlong fall the waters urge,
 O'erwhelming Egypt's might.

Troops fall on troops, hosts rush on hosts,
 Beneath each meeting wave,
Leaving, for loud and haughty boasts
 The stillness of the grave.

Silent, except the solemn sound
 Of billows bursting o'er
The proud, the mighty, the renown'd
 In thunder on the shore.

But Israel's thousands, free from harm,
Spectators of the sight,
Behold with awe God's outstretch'd arm
For their deliverance fight.

Themselves, by one triumphant stroke,
Rich with their spoilers' spoils,
Their galling chains of bondage broke,
And clos'd their captive toils.

They see the column'd flame that led
Their hosts through waters dark,
Its glorious light yet deigns to shed
Upon their hallow'd ark.

Around it, camp'd in peace and love,
The tribes of Israel lie ;
Glory and praise to God above,
Who gives the victory !

“GOD SETTETH THE SOLITARY IN FAMILIES*.”

THY mercies, Lord, of life and love !
Are unto all thy creatures shown ;
Thou lookest down from heaven above,
E'en from thy star-encircled throne,
On those who seem to sit alone :
For such, thy mercy, and thy power,
Are graciously at times made known,
To cheer the solitary hour.

Thy presence, in the darkest dearth
Of social and domestic ties,
Can bid around their silent hearth
Feelings and thoughts of joy arise,
Whose influence purest peace supplies :
For these can bear their souls away
To forms unseen of mortal eyes,
And beings disenthral'd from clay,

* Psalm Lxviii. 6.

And thou canst link them even here
On earth—to many a kindred mind,
Which feels, with sympathy sincere,
The loneliness to theirs assign'd ;
Whose spirits like their own have pined
With solitude's and sorrow's thrall,
Till taught with gratitude to find
That thou canst still be all in all.

Then glory, thanks, and praise to thee !
Who sett'st the solitary still
In families—that they may be
Thankful adorers of thy will ;
To thee who every void canst fill,
And so for every loss atone,
That aching hearts with grateful thrill
Can “ love thee for thyself alone ! ”

SONNET,

TO THE REV. J. J. REYNOLDS,

CURATE OF WOODBRIDGE.

DEAR FRIEND, and Christian Brother; if thy creed
May not on every point agree with mine;
Yet may we worship at one common shrine,
While we each feel alike our urgent need
Of the same Saviour; as a broken reed
Count all—except his righteousness divine;
And equal honour reverently assign
Unto that Spirit, who for both must plead!
Since in these grand essentials we agree,
Oh what are modes of worship, forms of prayer,
Or outward sacraments? I would not dare
To doubt that such are helpful unto thee;
Nor wilt thou fail in charity for me,
Seeking *within* to *know* and *feel* them **THERE** !

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

HASTE ! O, haste ! delightful Spring !
Glad birds thy approach shall sing ;
Mounting larks, with matin lays
Shall ascend to hymn thy praise ;
Countless warblers of the grove,
All shall tune their notes of love ;
Haste ! O, haste then ! to set free
Harmonies which wait for thee.

Haste ! O, haste ! delightful Spring !
Over earth thy mantle fling !
Flowers shall ope their blossoms sweet,
Thy reviving smile to greet ;
Grass shall clothe the lowly mead,
Where the lambs shall sport and feed ;
Leaves and blossoms on each bough
Shall unfold to wreath thy brow.

Haste, O, haste ! delightful Spring !
Winter's storms are on the wing ;
Gentler breezes round us sigh,
Whispering hopes that thou art nigh ;

Milder showers in silence fall ;
—Come—O, come then at our call,—
Come and tinge our bright'ning skies
With thy rich and varied dyes.

Haste ! O, haste ! delightful Spring !
To the captive freedom bring ;
Torpids insects, buried deep,
Wait thy voice to rouse from sleep ;
Others, yet unborn, but stay
For thy warm, enlivening ray ;
Haste ! O, haste, the signal give,
At whose summons they shall live.

Haste ! O, Haste ! delightful Spring !
Fonder hopes unto thee cling,
Glowing feelings, thoughts refined,
Stirrings of th' immortal mind.
These, at thy reviving breath,
Waken as from wintry death ;
And see, emblem'd in thy bloom,
Endless spring beyond the tomb !

"BUT YOUR INIQUITIES HAVE SEPARATED BETWEEN YOU
AND YOUR GOD, AND YOUR SINS HAVE HID HIS FACE
FROM YOU*."—Isaiah lix. 2.

How long, O Lord ! wilt thou forsake? -

How long must I thy absence mourn ?

For thine unfailing mercy's sake,

Return, my gracious God ! return,

And all my doubts and fears control ;

Revive my drooping hopes once more,

And to my restless, anxious soul

Communion sweet with Thee restore.

Whence springs this dark distrust of Thee ?

Why heaves with sighs my careful breast ?

Why am I like the troubled sea

When tempest-tost, it cannot rest ?

'Tis conscious guilt,—my sins arise

Like a dark cloud before thy throne ;

And veil thee from my weeping eyes,

Hiding the little I had known.

* These verses are not by either of the writers whose names
are given in the title-page.

Lord ! to thy chastening hand I bend,
And own the just correction kind—
O ever thus in mercy send
Severe rebukes, when I inclin'd
To wander from thy holy way,
Forget that 'tis to faith alone,
Which humbly seeks it day by day,
That thy salvation shall be shown.

When once renounc'd, I vainly thought
Self-righteous trust would rise no more ;
Nor dreamt I could again be brought
Beneath the law I serv'd before.
Oh ! to that law let me be dead,
And thou, my Saviour, “ make me free,”
That I, releas'd from slavish dread,
May live by holy faith on thee.

Reveal to me that righteousness
By thee wrought out for guilty man,
Deep on my heart the truths impress
Of free salvation's glorious plan.
No more let me affront thy grace,
Or dare to mix my works with thine ;
But in thy blood each stain efface,
And in thy full obedience shine.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

IN THE FIRST LEAF OF A VOLUME OF "POEMS."

I HOPE not by these pages
To bid my humble name
Survive to distant ages,
Enwreath'd by minstrel fame.

That prouder expectation
May loftier bards inspire ;
A lowlier aspiration
Awaits my simple lyre.

Enough, if it shall give me,
At memory's sweetest shrine,
Thoughts, feelings, which outlive me
In hearts belov'd, like thine.

The wreath that crowns a poet
May work a transient thrill ;
But who would not forego it
For something sweeter still.

Far purer joy is blended
With many a look and smile,
Than e'er from fame most splendid
The bosom can beguile.

Oh ! such, at times, have lighten'd
Like sunshine o'er my way,
And by their influence brighten'd
Thy father's darkest day.

I *have no* FOES, to set them
As beacons in thy sight ;
And if I had, "*Forget them !*"
Is all that I would write.

But well *my* FRIENDS thou knowest,
And blessings rest on thee
As gratitude thou showest
For kindness shown to me.

TO A FRIEND.

“There’s not a heath, however rude,
But has some little flower,
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent its evening hour.
There’s not a heart, however cast
By care or sorrow down,
But has some memory of the past
To love, and call its own.”

MAY thoughts, like these, my gentle friend,
In sorrow’s darker hours,
Their blessed soothing influence lend
To hearts deprest as ours.

Full many a flower hath fragrance cast,
And brightness round us thrown ;
Full many a memory of the past
Our hearts can call their own.

Nor were they only meant to bless,
The moment of their birth
If we, by wiser thankfulness,
Can lengthen out their worth.

Who gave them ? Was it not that God
Whose goodness and whose power
Plants on the bleak heath's mossy sod
Its solitary flower ?

The memory of bright days gone by,
So dear in hours of woe,
The hopes that build their home on high
Alike to Him we owe.

Nor less, though we may mark it not,
When cares and griefs oppress,
He portions out our present lot
With love and tenderness.

Then let us lift our hearts to Him,
Their only trust and stay,
Who, when the eye with tears is dim,
Can wipe those tears away.

So shall the flowers whose beauty shed
Such brightness round of yore,
Their lingering odours richly shed,
Although they bloom no more.

And all sweet memories of the past,
Give humble faith but scope,
Shall prove in moments over-cast
A pledge of future hope.

“THIS SAME JESUS, WHICH IS TAKEN UP FROM YOU
INTO HEAVEN, SHALL SO COME IN LIKE MANNER AS
YE HAVE SEEN HIM GO INTO HEAVEN*.”

HE vanished from their stedfast gaze
Wrapp'd in the distant cloud ;
Too keen had been his parting rays
But for that heavenly shroud.

E'en thus, the glorious hues of even,
Subdued for mortal sight,
Just open vistas into heaven,
Then, leave the world in night.

In night ! ah no, a lustre mild
So pure, so calm, so still,
Now softly gleams o'er wood and wild
O'er valley, lake, and hill.

Then, Christian, cheer thee ! tho' awhile
The shades of night surround ;
There is a Light whose healing smile
Can brighten all around.

* Acts i. 11.

When He, thy Sun, went up on high
Bless'd mansions to prepare :
A guard He promised, ever nigh !
A guide, to lead thee there !

But brighter still that light *shall* glow,
More piercing far its ray,
As the still waves of time shall flow
Nearer *the perfect day*.

That *perfect day*! no night shall shade,
THAT SUN shall set no more :
His glorious beams shall never fade,
All sorrow shall be o'er!

Behold ! the Lord of Life and Light,
Stands with his chosen few—
A moment—and they trace his flight
To regions ever new!

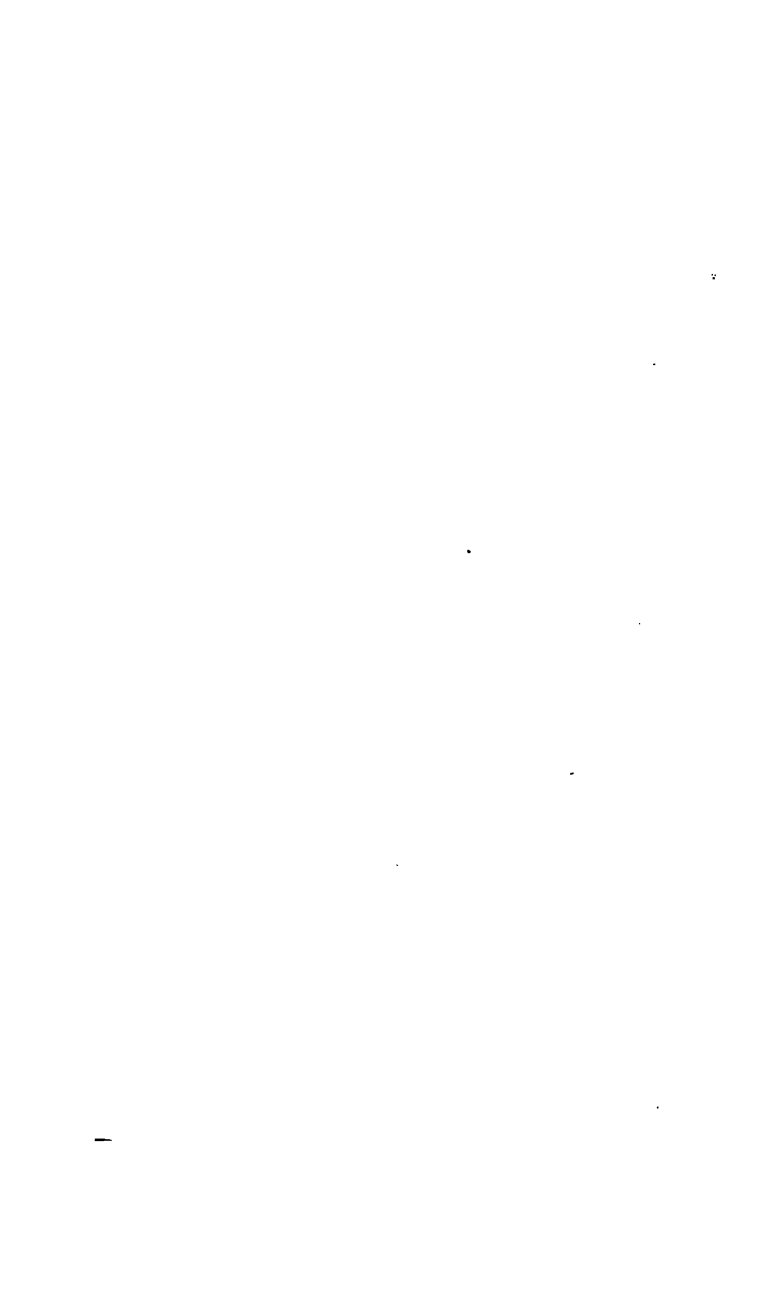
That sinless blood for us was shed,
That side for us was riven,
For us, the grave restored its dead,
For us, He rose to heaven !

Yet once again that boundless sea,
That vast unfathom'd space :
Whose centre is the Deity,
Whose light his dwelling-place !

Shall ring with heavenly harps of praise,
With choral notes sublime ;
When Jesus comes, his flock to raise,
At the dread end of time.

Oh, Christian, watch ! for clouds are round,
Dark is the night, ere dawn appear
Oh sleep not ! lest the cry astound,
Wake, sleeper, wake ! Thy God is near !

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